



"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH."

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CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vitality, the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment, and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

Table of Contents.

Facts and Figures	193
Our Pulpit	194
Lesson XI, Christ Risen.—Whose Fault was It?	195
Pointed Preaching.—Glittering Rays. Southern Womanhood as Effected by the Civil War.....	196
Coming Age of Mission.—God's Cure for Worrying	197
On Zion's Walls	198
Best.—The Greatest Thing.—A Boy Lost.....	199
EDITORIAL.	
Editorial Notes.—Large or Small Bodies?—The River Jordan.—They Mean Work.—Shall We Read Trash?—Christmas Will Soon Be Here—He Had Been Drinking.—Editorial Correspondence.....	200.1
The Children's Corner	202
A Correspondence.—Extracts from "The Japan Mai."—Fiction and Practice.	203
Not a "Deadhead"—Facing Our Troubles—the Number Seven—"My Smoke House".....	204
Little By Little.....	205
The Ideal Home.....	206
God is Always There.—I Want to Find My Papa.....	207
News.—Marriage.—Died.....	208

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The Japanese are laying the first submarine cable that they have laid without foreign assistance.

††

A Japanese convert visiting America said that nothing was so astonishing as to find so few Christians in a Christian land.

After thirty-six years of missionary labor, the first two converts in the Matebel tribe in South Africa have just been baptized.

†††

Over two hundred Christians in Uganda, the land where Mackay planted the Christian religion, have suffered martyrdom in the last fifteen years.

†††

Complaints come to Washington that Russian paupers are being sent out to Winnipeg and thence to the United States by the aid societies in Great Britain that find themselves unable to get their charges into the country through the Atlantic sea ports. The new congress should strengthen its immigration defences by land and sea. The anti-Chinese legislation of the nation and of California is said to have seriously diminished the attendance at Chinese missions on the Pacific coast.

†††

A large proportion of the money expended in behalf of Moravian missions is contributed by the benevolent of Great Britain and elsewhere who are not members of the body. Thus ever since 1818 the London Association in Aid of Moravian missions has been gathering funds, and the amount collected last year amounted to \$44,330, and legacies were received amounting to \$8,100 while but \$24,060 was derived from the Brethren's congregations, etc., in Europe and the United States. The total expended upon the missions in 1890 was \$100,115.

†††

A few days since, the President, Secretary and eight employees of the Louisiana Lottery were brought as criminals before a United States Commissioner in New Orleans to answer an indictment found against them in San Antonio, Texas, and each gave \$1,000 bond to appear at the latter city for trial at the next term of the United States Circuit Court. They will be kept traveling on such indictments if all the places they are robbing follow this wholesome precedent

"The anti-lottery people of Louisiana, says the Boston *Traveler*, are more hopeful than heretofore defeating the proposed constitutional amendment favored by the friends of the iniquitous swindle. Although the pro-lottery Democrats swept New Orleans in the primary meeting, their opponents are doing much better than they expected in the country districts and may control the state convention.

†††

The whole church membership in Protestant Churches of America and Europe raise \$11,429,588 a year less than thirty cents a member less than one tenth of a cent a day! These are no new facts, but they need to be beaten in by repeated blows. Our superfluities and luxuries, absolutely necessary, save as made so by a luxurious and extravagant taste, reach an aggregate which is believed to be not less than \$4,000,000,000. Suppose that only one tenth of these were sacrificed, we should have \$400,000,000 at once for the Lord's work. Our comforts and conveniences aggregate fully as much or more. Suppose we should give one-twentieth of them to the Lord, we should have an aggregate of \$200,000,000 more, a total of \$600,000,000. And yet we have not supposed one self-sacrifice to touch our necessities, which might yield no small percentage, in view of the extremities of the poor and lost. —Dr. A. T. Pierson.

†††

The latest news from China is alarming. Something more than outrages on foreigners is reported, indeed a veritable rebellion in North Manchuria, only one or two hundred miles from Peking. An imperial force of four thousand men has been defeated, and reinforcements are being hastened to oppose the rebels. A second defeat might mean the speedy capture of Peking and Tientsin and the overthrow of the dynasty. In connection with this is the report of horrible outrages on Roman Catholic missionaries and converts in the same

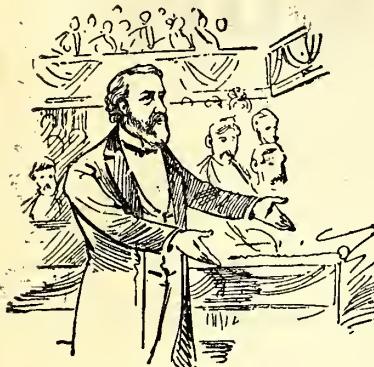
district, a hundred or more having been tortured and killed. There is an American mission of the United Presbyterians not far off, at Moukden, and other American missions at Peking, Tientsin and Kalgan, which may all be in serious danger. It seems extraordinary that a force of only a few thousand rebels could so imperil the Empire. Perhaps China will learn the importance of railroad and telegraphs, which can be used to concentrate military forces.

†††

Unhappy and undisciplined homes are the caldrons of great iniquity. Parents harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other hand loose in their government, are raising up a generation of vipers. A home where scolding and fretfulness are dominant is blood relation to the gallows and penitentiary! Petulance is a serpent that crawls up into the family nursery sometimes and crushes everything. Why, there are parents who even make religion disgusting to their children. They scold them for not loving Christ. They have an exasperating way of doing their duty. Blessed is the family altar at which the children kneel. Blessed is the cradle in which the Christian mother rocks the Christian child. Blessed is the song the little ones sing at nightfall when sleep is closing the eyes and loosening the hand from the toy on the pillow. Blessed is that mother whose every heart throb is a prayer for her children's welfare. The world grows old, and the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the waters to refresh it, and the mountains to guard it, and the heavens to overspan it, and its long story of sin and shame and glory and triumph will turn to ashes; but influences that started the early home roll on and roll up through all eternity—blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph, exulting in all the song, or shrinking back into all the darkness. Father, mother, which way are you leading your children? —T. De Witt Talmage, in *Christian Observer*.

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OUR PULPIT.



The Covenant Renewed.

BY REV. JAMES MAPLE, D. D.

And they entered into a covenant with all their heart and with all their soul.—*II. Chron. xx: 12.*

After Asa's great victory over the king of Egypt, and he had gathered up the spoils, he marched back to Jerusalem; but God sent a prophet out to meet him: "The spirit of God came upon Azariah the son of Obed." It was a great blessing to Israel that they had prophets among them; yet it is a remarkable fact, that while they had the teaching of the prophets they were strangely addicted to idolatry. Whereas when the spirit of prophecy ceased under the second temple, and the canon of the Old Testament was completed they were pure from idolatry. The reason was that they could no longer be easily imposed upon by a counterfeit bible as by a false prophet.

Azariah was not sent to compliment the king and his army on their great victory, but to quicken them to their duty; for in times of prosperity men are liable to forget God. He told them plainly upon what terms they stood, and how their prosperity might be perpetuated. "Hear ye me, Asa, and all Judah and Benjamin: the Lord is with you while ye be with Him; and if ye seek Him, He will be found of you: but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you." It was very necessary to bring this truth home to their hearts, "for a long season Israel had been without the true God, and without a teaching priest, and without law: but when they in their trouble did turn unto the Lord God of Israel, and sought him, he was found of them." God is always with the obedient, but against the disobedient. Hence "in those times," when they were disobedient, "there was no peace to him that went out, nor him that came in, but great vexations were upon all the inhabitants of the countries. And nation was destroyed of nation, and city of city: for God did vex them with all adversity." Then Azariah enforced this solemn truth. "Be ye strong, therefore, and let not your

hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded." This sermon deeply impressed the king and the people, and led to a glorious reformation. The preaching of Peter on the day of Pentecost led to the conversion of "about three thousand souls"; but this sermon of Azariah's was the means of bringing the whole nation in humble penitence before God. It resulted in a glorious revival, and all the people renewed their covenant with God.

We will notice, 1. The means by which this revival was brought about. There were two elements in it, and there always is in every revival. 1st. There were working Christians in it. Azariah the prophet, and Asa the king were the moving spirits in this work. We know nothing of this prophet beyond what is recorded in this short chapter, but this is a glorious record; and it reveals him as the Luther of this glorious reformation. He comes without any heralding, and disappears without reward; but he had a message from God, and declared it with such boldness that he moved the nation to repentance. Perhaps one of the elements of his success was in keeping himself in the background. He put God and his truth so clearly and forcibly before the people that they did not think of him. This is a great element of success. Eternal life is found, not in man, but in a knowledge of the only true God and Christ Jesus whom He sent.

From the commencement of his reign Asa had shown himself a conscientious king, but now he evinces a humble and faithful spirit that makes him successful in aiding Azariah in this glorious reformation. He was just as ready to learn from this obscure prophet, and lead the people to consecration as he was to conduct them to victory on the battlefield. It was a great advantage to Azariah to have the influence and help of the first man in the kingdom in this revival, for this enabled him to reach the people more successfully. If a pastor can have the men and women of wealth, learning, and social position to aid him in working to save souls it will be the greatest human help that he can have.

In every revival there are always some earnest, faithful, working Christians. This is one of the elements of success.

2. The truth of God was preached by Azariah. It is this that inspires every revival. The prophet's theology was very simple. There were no metaphysics about it. "The Lord is with you, while ye be with him, and if ye seek him he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you." Here is a complete system of theology. Look at the points

in it. 1st. God's faithfulness. "The Lord is with you." 2nd. Man's responsibility. "If ye seek him." 3rd. Mercy for the penitent. "He will be found of you." 4th. Punishment for the hardened. "If ye forsake him, he will forsake you." These are the truths that move men to repentance, and was there ever a revival where they were left out? Judah needed warning and encouragement, and her past history furnished her with both. The prophet appealed to this history. When they sought God he was found of them; but when they forsook him he chastised them. It was plain, strong preaching, and this has characterized all great revivals. Azariah wanted them to understand that their great victory over their enemies was granted because of the reformation that had already begun among them, and he sought to encourage them to go on in this work, saying unto them, "Be strong, therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded."

No genuine revival can be produced except in connection with the faithful preaching of God's word, and wherever this is faithfully proclaimed men will be converted. Psalm 19: 7-8; Rom. 1:16; Isa. 55:8 11.

Asa appointed a general meeting. He called all the people together. "He gathered all Judah and Benjamin, and the strangers with them out of Ephraim and Menasseh, and out of Simeon." Doubtless he then instructed them in the divine truth when they were collected together. It is necessary to call the people together, and preach the truth to them if we would lead them to Christ; and all great revivals have been characterized by the spontaneous flowing of the people together to hear the gospel. Thus they were brought directly under its influence.

Asa removed all stumbling blocks out of the way. "He put away the abominable idols of the land of Judah and Benjamin, and out of the cities which he had taken." It was this idolatrous worship that had brought the curse of God on the nation, and its removal was necessary to a restoration of the divine worship. Thus it is still. If a church would enjoy a divine refreshing from the presence of the Lord it must put away pride, covetousness, unholiness, ambition, worldliness, and all sinful lusts. When Asa had cast down the heathen altars he erected the altar of the Lord, and renewed the sacrifices. It is not only necessary to turn away from all sin, but we must serve the Lord. Isa. 1:16-17.

There was another evil in Judah that Asa put away. There were those in high places who were guilty of idolatry. Even his own mother was, and "he removed her from be-

ing queen," and destroyed her idol. He was so indignant at her gross wickedness that he threw down her idol god, "and stamped upon it, and burned it at the brook Kidron." This was a noble act that required great moral courage to do it; and one of the things that curses the church to-day is men and women in it who are carnal, worldly minded, and sinful; but they are rich and occupy high places in society, and the church has not the moral courage to deal with them. Asa was not afraid, and he deposed even his own mother. We need the same faithfulness now, and God would bless us as he did Asa's.

Asa made one mistake, for he connived at a sinful irregularity. It is said in the fourteenth chapter that, "He took away the altars of the strange gods, and the high places;" but in this chapter it is said, "The high places were not taken away out of Israel." Some think this is a contradiction. The true explanation seems to be that there were two kinds of high places, the one kind appropriated to the worship of idols, and the other to the worship of God. The first he destroyed, but the other he permitted to remain for the use of those whose zeal was not strong enough to take them up to Jerusalem at the appointed times of worship. These high places were irregular, and should have been cast down. Asa meant all right, but in this he made a mistake. Thus we see a man may be sincere at heart, yet not perfect in judgment and life. This is true of all Christians, and and this should make us charitable toward one another; for we are all imperfect and need to have charity exercised toward ourselves.

II. *The characteristics of this revival:* The first act was repentance. Asa led the people in this. They stumbled themselves before God in penitence, and put away their sinful practices. He commenced his reign with the work of reformation, but this was more thorough. They had acknowledged their sins before, but now they repented of them. There is a very great difference between acknowledging sins and repenting of them. Many men will acknowledge their sins and then go right on in them. True repentance is more than a confession of sin. It is deep sorrow for, and thorough turning from it in life. Isa. 55: 6, 7.

Second they offered sacrifice unto God. "They offered unto the Lord the same time of the spoil which they had brought, seven hundred oxen and seven thousand sheep." This sacrifice was in acknowledgement of their past sinfulness and present obligation to God. While living in sin men do not realize their sinfulness and obligation to God; but when they are

quickened they are made to feel his presence and claims, and their wickedness. They are waked up to a sense of this by affliction, the Divine Spirit, and the truths of the Bible.

The sacrifices that Asa and the people brought were of royal largeness—"Seven hundred oxen and seven thousand sheep"—yet they only brought of the spoils God had given them. It was not something that they had provided themselves. God furnished them with the offering. Is there not a divine significance in this? Does it not point to the fact that when we approach God by the new and living way, we come through the perfect offering of the Lord Jesus Christ who was provided by him? This offering of Christ through which we receive remission of sins is God's own gift. "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all." John 3: 16.

Third, they consecrated themselves to God. "They entered into a covenant to seek the Lord God of their fathers with all their heart and with all their soul." The covenant was that of the Ten Commandments given at Sinai: Ex 19: 5; 34: 27, 28. This was accepted there, and reaffirmed in other national crises. Just before his death Moses called the nation to renew the pledge. Joshua did the same. This was repeated several times afterwards.

Strictly speaking, man cannot enter into a covenant with God, for a covenant is an agreement between two parties on the same plane. Man, sinful and condemned, cannot offer any terms "to God the judge of all." The covenant was really a promise on the part of God, with conditions which are left for us to fulfill or violate. God honors our freedom and dignifies our nature by offering his commands as an agreement. We may accept or reject these commands, but this does not free us from our obligations. They rest upon us just the same in either case. We speak of "breaking moral laws," but this is impossible. We might as well talk of breaking the law of gravitation. We may disregard and disobey it, but it remains just the same unchangeable law. If we obey its requirements we will reap its rewards, but if we disobey we must suffer the consequences. There is no escape from this. Thus it is with God's moral laws. They are upon us and we cannot escape from them. Gal. 6: 7, 8.

Consecration is an acknowledgement of obligations already resting upon us. It does not create them. There is where men make a mistake. They think and feel that they are under no obligation to serve God until they have become Christians, and consecrated themselves to him; but this is

a mistake. Consecration creates no new obligation. It is only an acknowledgment of those already resting upon us. Every man is under obligations to God, and there is no escape from them. Men might as well try to escape from the law of gravitation. There is one of two things that men must do if he would thus escape: 1st. He must dethrone God. If he could do this he might disregard his laws; but that is impossible. 2d. Not being able to dethrone God he must, if he would escape his laws, go outside of His government. Can he do this? Is there any outside universe for him to flee into? If so, where is it?

Here Asa and the people "entered into a covenant to seek the Lord God of Israel." They covenanted together to acknowledge him as their God and to seek to do his will in all things. They put themselves squarely on the side of the Lord by publicly owning him as their king. This was a grand sight. A whole nation covenanting together to love and serve God! This was a sublime scene, and far greater event than the marvellous victory he won over the army of Egypt. This consecration was a noble act, and the manliest thing that a man can do is to acknowledge his obligations to love and serve God before the world. Most men and women acknowledge this in their hearts, but this is not enough. They must own him before the world, and it is unmanly not to do it.

Lesson XI.—Christ Risen.

BY PROF. HERBERT SCHOLZ, A. B.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again."—Romans 8:34.

The human being seldom feels a very congenial atmosphere around a grave. We all shrink at the idea of having to lay these houses of clay in the cruel hole which marks the close of our career on earth. There is something about a grave-yard which drives all gladness and joy from one's soul and throws over it the mantle of solemnity and sadness. As a general thing people stand in greater awe of the human form inanimate, than of the animate. The silent, lifeless corpse, with its ghastly appearance, its sightless eyes, its voiceless tongue, stirs the superstitious nature of every one to its greatest depth, and fills the mind with mysterious and puzzling thoughts.

But, suppose we were to stand by a grave one morning just before the dawning of day, and, suppose further, that, suddenly we were to see the mound begin to crack and the dirt to break up and cast itself off on every side; and soon the corpse,

which we had probably seen placed in that grave with our own eyes, were to come forth re-animated, the blood coursing through every vein, and only the pallor, which confinement had produced, remaining to show that it was indeed a risen being. Do you think it would have a terrifying effect? Is it at all wonderful that the keepers of Christ's tomb all became as dead men when they saw such a soul-harrowing scene? And yet the Bible positively declares that like Christ, we shall all rise again. Christ is risen indeed! Yes, he robbed the grave of much of its terror by inspiring a hope of a life beyond. Where Christ has been we can very well nerve ourselves to go, for the Great God who strengthened His Son to submit to that dismal soul-trying state, will prepare and fit us to do the same thing.

The enemies of Christ sought to crush down the report of his disciples that Christ had risen and became conqueror of death, but the truth in all its beauty prevailed, and today, we are blessed with the sweet hope which if destroyed, would render this world dark indeed. This story of the resurrection is a grand story. And it is especially grand because we see its beauty demonstrated so much and so often. At this time of year when all the vegetation of the earth is decay it casts a feeling of sadness over the admirer of nature. But trees are bare, and the acorns are lying upon the ground, apparently rotting. But next spring, on some fine sunny day, if we should happen to go out into the woods and kneel down, rake deep into the leaves and dirt, we will find a little white shoot there. That shoot is one of many millions of the same kind which are springing up and attesting the reality of the resurrection. The trees will bud forth; the grass will become green, and all nature will assume an appearance of life. Resurrection! Resurrection!

The two most prominent points in the lesson, as it appears to us, are these: (1) The care and respect which Christ's friends had for his body, (2) The mystery which hung over the disciples' understanding concerning his teachings.

We think the example of the women who visited the tomb of Christ for the purpose of anointing his body should be followed by us in regard to our departed friends. Not especially in anointing them, but in seeing that their graves should be kept nice and green, a fit token that they, though gone, are still green in our memories.

We also think that if the disciples who were with Christ three years and received his teaching every day, could not understand about his resurrection and kingdom, it will certainly take persistent and determined effort on

our part, guided by the Holy Spirit, to arrive at the grand and rich truths which every true Christian should desire to attain.

Whose Fault Was It?

One Sunday morning, as a young minister was leaving the church where he had conducted the service, he was accosted by an elderly man who had been one of his hearers, and who said to him bluntly: "You gave us nothing this morning."

It was not very kind or considerate on the part of the old man to say that, and especially to say it so abruptly. Even if it had been true—and of course it might have been—it might have been better left unsaid. To say the least, if said at all, it should have been said very differently. But it might not be true, and somebody might have found a word of comfort and life, although the old man did not.

"I think I know what you mean," replied the young minister. "You mean that you did not enjoy the service. But will you allow me to ask you a question or two?"

The old man gave a look of assent, and the preacher said to him:

"May I ask if before coming to church this morning, you asked God's blessing on behalf of all ministers of His Word this morning, and among them on behalf of the one whom you might hear?"

The man hesitated, but at length replied that he could not say that he had.

"I should like to ask you again," said the preacher, "if as you came to church this morning, you asked anybody to come with you?"

"No," he said, "I did not I came straight from home to church without saying a word to anybody."

"May I ask you," said the young man, "just another question? Are you engaged in any useful Christian work—teaching in the Sabbath-school, for instance—or anything else by which men may be brought to Christ?"

The man did not reply very promptly or willingly; but he had to confess that he was doing nothing.

"Then excuse me," said the preacher, "if I tell you I am not surprised to hear you say that you found nothing to interest you in the service."

The writer of this is a minister, and he confesses most frankly and humbly that sermons—and indeed the whole of the service of which they form a part often vary greatly. The minister is not always himself.

He may be in feeble health, or there may be sickness in his home, or he may be worried or in trouble, or he may have been interrupted in

his preparations, or his subject may not have opened out before him, as he hoped and expected it would do. So it might well happen that there was not a great deal in the services for anybody.

But is it always the minister's fault when his bearers find that he has "given them nothing?"—*Presbyterian Banner*.

POINTED PREACHING.

"Miss Betsy Bridget Comes out in Plain Terms."

MY DEAR READERS:—You all have doubtless read the late controversy between "Miss Polly Pointer" and "Mrs Touchmenot" on "plain preaching." It has created no little interest in the subject. The latter protests loudly against it on the grounds that it is unscriptural, and that it is tearing the church into pieces. I think that she is a sort of "old fogey," and does not deserve much notice. I am truly glad that "Miss Pointer" dealt so plainly and frankly with her. Every body says well done. But the subject needs further agitation; and with the editor's kind permission, I will enter the field for only a short while and notice a few facts along that line. It is a broader field than many think.

It would be better to call it "*pointed preaching*." There are evidently two sides to this subject. It is the duty of every gospel minister to hold up God's love and mercy for poor, fallen, sinful humanity before the world. Christ himself preferred this manner of preaching to all others. It is also necessary to denounce sin and ungodliness and that boldly and fearlessly, and it is the imperative duty of every preacher of righteousness. Yet how many fail to do this simply through fear of unpopularity! Afraid to preach the truth as they find it in God's word because someone may become offended! There is no room for such men in the pulpit, and the sooner they all get out the better it will be for the church and the cause of Christ. This is the compliment that we have to pay these "sugar-coated" men-pleasers who stand behind the sacred desk. The master said, as he sent his apostles forth to preach his own everlasting gospel, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell"—Matt. 10:28.

Now "Mrs. Touchmenot" says that the Savior and the apostles were not so severe in their preaching, and "Miss Pointer" says they were, and her reply ought to be sufficient for anyone. But we will push the inquiry still further and see. Let us go to the Bible for the facts. In speaking to the hypocritical scribes and Pharisees, Christ says, "ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves."—Matt. 23:14-15. Now would your pastor be very pointed in his preaching if he were to single you out and call you *the child of hell*? How many preacher did you ever hear do such a thing? None! eh? Well that is just what Christ himself did in this instance, and that is what he would do if he were on earth to-day. And the Grumbleton crowd and all other such compromising hypocrites would have to "grin and bear it" the best they could. Listen at him denounce them again in burning language,—"ye hypocrites, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"—Matt. 23:32. He was evidently cutting at them with a two-edged sword and they felt it too.

There is hypocrisy in the church today. Men and women are not living right; they are living, many of them, very inconsistent lives. They are dancing, reveling, drinking, gambling, swearing profaning God's name, breaking the Sabbath, and violating the holy commandments in many ways and hiding their sins behind the church. And when the preacher tells them of it, their feelings are hurt and he is out of place. But God will bless his truth and his servants who preach it in love and fear of him.

Now did the apostles preach plain? John says, speaking to inconsistent professors, "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him" 1 John 2:4. Now it is putting a man down pretty low to call him *a liar*;—but when we say *the truth is not in him*, we put him about as low down as a man can get. But, nevertheless, that is the way the apostles preached to inconsistent professors of religion. If your pastor were to call you a liar, you would leave the house would you not?—now say, be honest with me.

Respectfully yours,
B. TSEY BRIDGET

Glittering Rays.

Responsibility is personal. Before God, face to face, each soul must stand to give account.—*F. W. Robertson*.

Christ will not cast water on your smoking coal; he never yet put out a dim candle that was lighted at the Sun of Righteousness.—*Rutherford*.

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—*Ruskin*

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.—*T. P. Aldrich*.

We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God.—*Fenelon*.

The kindly act and thought, the and angry look and speech checked, the small errand done, the stitch put in; all these are the small things of daily life in which we may serve our Lord.—*Selected*.

Only He that can save to the uttermost can break the fetters of that inward dominion of evil. The grip of sin is mighty, but the power of Jesus is its still mightier solvent.—*S. E. Herrick, D. D.*

He who prays as he ought, will endeavor to live as he prays. He that can live in sin, and abide in the ordinary duties of prayer, never prays as he ought. A truly gracious praying frame is utterly inconsistent with the love of sin.—*Owen*.

No man is so happy as a real Christian; none so rational so virtuous, so amiable. How little vanity does he feel though he believes himself united to God! How far is he from abjectness when he ranks himself with the worms of the earth!—*Pascal*.

They that make the glory of God their end, and the word of God their rule, the spirit of God the guide of their affections, and the providence of God the guide of their affairs, may be confident that the Lord goes before them as truly as He went before Israel in the wilderness, though not so sensibly.—*Henry*.

The strong life is the life which gathers up all its forces to live in the present. The burdens of the past and the future weaken by taking away from the concentration essential to full activity. Leave the past with the sovereign grace which loosens us from its disheartening weight. The future belongs to God, not to us. Today only is ours.—*Zion's Herald*.

Perhaps it is only what goes out and stays out that counts in our living. That is God's going out. A reaching which is growing, and a giving which shares and multiplies life, that was Christ's outgoing. "Virtue went out of Him." Blessing and help of a kind that "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." He himself "came out from God" and into the world.—*Hawthorne*.

Southern Womanhood as Effected By the Civil War.

Essay by Miss Florine Winston, at Elon College, Friday Nov 27, 1891.

Many great changes have taken place in the Southern States during the past thirty years; but there are none perhaps of more importance, or more worthy of notice, than the change that has taken place in the condition, the life and labors of the Southern woman.

Had no good resulted from such painful toil, the loss would indeed be terrible. But as good is often the result of hardship, we see in this instance a great and grand reformation in the customs and manners of our Southern people resulting from the sad termination of our late hostilities.

Slavery had bound the white women with chains of which they knew not. They were indeed fast degenerating on account of their lives of indolent ease; diseases brought on by want of the proper exercise of their brains and muscles, were fast populating our "bright sunny clime" with pale and sickly women.

Who little dreamed of the great change that must come to them in the freedom of their slaves? From the parlor to the kitchen was indeed a difficult step. Yet, we see that our brave women did not even shrink from this painful duty; and to-day many of our mothers, who, previous to the war, knew nothing of the mysteries of a cook stove, can now, if necessary, provide a "feast fit for a king"—best of all, some of our girls can at least make a good biscuit.

There is no point perhaps in which the Southern ideal of woman has changed more than in the nobility of her helplessness. Before the war self-support was the last resort of women of good families in the South, as long as they had any male relatives to whom they could look for support.

This was not because they had any reluctance toward work, but thought it more honorable to receive support from a male relative than to work themselves. Now, on the contrary, a woman is highly respected and honored for earning her own bread; and would lose respect if as an able bodied woman she were to settle herself as a burden upon a brother or a father who has to work hard for his own living. Woman's opportunities for work have greatly increased. There are now many honorable vocations awaiting her.

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop;" and we fear that years ago our mothers to a great extent helped confirm the truth of this old proverb. There were many evil and romantic ideas in which they indulged.

The young lady of that period had

nothing to stimulate her to self-support and independence. Wealth and luxury abounded in most of our Southern homes. Fond parents indulged their children to excess. Girls reveled in trashy romances to an alarming extent, failing to improve the talents given them.

The abolition of slavery has freed white children in their early years from that degrading influence, which was exerted over them by negro associates, before the war. The white children now seek companions of their own race which will in future years cause them to be brighter and more shining lights in this Christian land.

Now we have our Southern teachers instead of those of the North; and this in a measure will enable us to live more at home; that is, we can go to our own schools, taught by teachers selected from our own people. Girls are better educated now than they were before the war, and we believe it is owing to the changed conditions under which we now live. The most of our girls are securing an education, not for ornament but for use; not simply for social culture, but in preparation for self-support, which has had the very natural effect of making them more earnest and diligent in the prosecution of their studies. The educational ambition of the young girls of to-day has reached such a point that they will not be satisfied with anything less than an institution that will provide for them the extensive facilities and broad culture furnished by, at least a few, institutions for young men.

Formerly the ultimation of a Southern girl's existence was marriage, and an old maid was an object of pity. Now, thanks to the public schools, any girl, however humbly born, may secure an education, and by force of intellect command an honorable position in the best society; and if she does not marry it is because she has not met a man, who is her equal in mental culture, and at the same time more able to take care of her, than she is to take care of herself."

The Coming Age of Missions.

An essay read before Shallow Well Missionary Society by Minnie Gunter.

We now stand on the threshold of a new century of Missionary enterprise. The time is coming when the church of God will look back to the present age of missions as we now look back to the feeble beginnings of a century ago, with astonishment and shame that believers in Christ could ever have stood on so low a plane in respect to their debt and duty to the lost. We cannot understand now a condition of things a hundred years ago, when there was scarce a mission-

ary society in Protestant Christendom, and when the church of God doubted if it did not deny the obligations to go into all the world with the Gospel for a witness to all nations? when scarce a thousand pounds a year were spent upon all the missions of the reformed churches, and a mere pioneer band of workers, mostly Moravians, made up the entire mission force.

When there were no missionary periodicals, and there was so little interest in Foreign Missions that the task seemed hopeless of making even a beginning. We are far ahead of the starting point of a century ago. But if we grow in grace and knowledge as we ought, no goal that is now in sight will satisfy us; it would only become a new starting point for a new goal, as yet too far off to be visible now.

We have long been meditating upon the coming age of missions, and looking forward hopefully to see in the immediate future some radical changes made in the chimerical, or even fanatical, we boldly outline on these pages some of the features which we believe we discern in the future prosecution of a world's evangelization.

Once more we write large that word ENTERPRISE as the true motto of the church of Christ. The world ought not to put us to shame in manifesting more zeal for that which perishes than we do for the unfading crown and heritage.

We need individual and systematic prayers for missions. The man that knows the field, and prays for the workmen, is the man that will find his alms going out as his prayers go up. It is our desire to hint at least a few directions in which church enterprise may push the work of missions.

No member will be in good standing who takes no part in this loyal obedience to Christ's last command. It will be reckoned a reproach to any church to have three hundred communicants without at least one laborer representing them abroad. The world waits for a new spirit of thorough surrender to His will, and for a new epoch of enterprise in missions. How long shall this waiting of ages be in vain?

Jonesboro, N. C., Dec. 5, 1891.

God's Cure for Worrying.

On every side we meet overloaded people, and each one thinks his burden is the biggest. One is worried about his health, and another about his diminished income, and another about her sick child, and another about her children yet unconverted; and so each man or woman that has a worry of some sort goes staggering along under it. In the meanime

a loving and omnipotent Father says to every one of them "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee." As if this one offer were not enough, the Holy Spirit repeats it again in the New Testament: "Casting all your *anxieties* upon Him, for He careth for you." This is the more accurate rendering in the Revised Version; because the word "care" does not signify here wise forethought for the future, but that soul-harassing thing called "worry." The reason given for rolling our worries over upon God is very tender and touching. "He careth for you" means that He takes an interest in you—He has you on His heart! Beautiful and wonderful thought! It is the same idea which the Psalmist had in his mind when he declares that the Lord telleth the number of the stars, and yet He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds.

He is the one who says "My child; don't carry that burden." The infinite Ruler of the universe, who is wise in counsel and wonderful in working; the God who guarded the infant Moses in his basket of rushes; who sent His messenger-birds to Elijah by the brook Cherith; who quieted Daniel among the ravenous beasts and calmed Paul in the raging tempest—He it is who says to us "Roll your anxieties over on Me, for I have you on My heart." Yet how many of us there are who hug our troubles and say to God "No, we won't let anybody carry these troubles but ourselves." What fools we are! Just imagine a weary, footsore traveller tugging along with his pack in a hot July day. A wagon comes up, and the kind hearted owner calls out, "Friend, you look tired. Toss that pack into my wagon." But the wayfarer, eyeing him suspiciously, mutters to himself, "Perhaps he wants to steal it," or else sullenly replies "I am obliged to you, sir, but I can carry my own luggage." The folly of such conduct is equal to that of man who should check his trunk through to Chicago and then run into the baggage car every hour to see if his trunk is safe. We do not hesitate to trust our own valuable property to railway officials and expressmen, and laugh at the folly of those who refuse to do it; and yet we repeat a worse folly towards our all-wise and loving God. Oh, fools, and slow of heart to believe.

From beginning to end a Christian life is a life of faith. The word "trust" is the key-word of Old Testament theology, and the word "believe" is the key-word in the New. They both mean the same thing. Jesus Christ never agrees to bear the sinner's sins until the sinner is penitent and has willingly accepted Him

as his substitute and burden bearer. When our heavenly Father says to us "Give Me your load, trust Me; what you cannot do, I will do for you." He expects us to take Him at His word. He never consents to carry our burdens unless we entrust them to Him. Worry is blind; but God sees into the future, and often sees the coming relief just ahead. Worry is impatient; but the patient God bids us *wait and see*. Worry complains of the weight of the loads; but God's offer is to lighten them by putting Himself as it were, into our souls and under the loads. He then becomes our strength—a strength equal to the day. This is a supernatural work. This is what is meant by "My grace is sufficient for you." This is the result of having Jesus Christ dwelling in our souls as a light to cheer and a power to sustain. "Follow Me" implies that Christ leads us every step, and He never means to lead us over a precipice or leave us in the lurch.

Such an actual and constant trust is the only real antidote to worry. The more entirely and simply and implicitly we trust, the quieter we become. As the baby drops over upon mother's bosom into sweet repose, so God giveth Him beloved sleep. Not sleep from work, but sleep from worry. I have always found that legitimate work is strengthening to body, brain and heart; but worry frets and fevers us. It chafes our spirit and kills our devotions. Nearly the whole magnificent thirty-seventh Psalm is aimed against the sin of fretting. Paul, the giant worker who laid the foundations of Christ's kingdom from Jerusalem to Rome, and who had the oversight "of all the churches," never seems to have chafed himself with a moment's worry. He warned sinners "with tears," but they were such tender tears as Jesus shed over a guilty city. "Be anxious for nothing, brethren!" was his calm counsel to his comrades, for he knew Whom he believed.

And now if our blessed Master has our work under His charge, our parishes, our mission enterprises, our Sabbath classes upon His divine heart, why should we worry? The most fervent *desire* to save souls must be tempered with trust in Him who alone can save a soul. Don't begin this year's work with loading a ton of anxieties on your back. If God permits you and me to labor for Him in vain, it is His loss more than ours. If Jesus Christ is on board of our little boats, why should we be running about in distress lest the vessel sink? Duty belongs to us; results belong to Him. Many an one who reads these lines has plenty of loads to bear. Don't be surprised; they belong to human life; some of them

are put on you to make your sinews strong. It is the weak and wicked worry over the *future* that cuts your sinews. Remember that God never promises anything more than grace sufficient for the hour and strength equal to the day. God's love will outlast all your to-morrows; roll your anxieties over on that love; it will cure all your worrying. —? v. Theodore L. Cuyler, in the *Ecclesiastical Review*.

On Zion's Walls.

Watchman, what of the night?
Watchman, what of the night? —
Isa. xxi. 11.

Lift up your eyes and look on the field; for they are white already, to harvest —John iv. 35.

Walk about Zion, **** mark ye well her bulwarks **** that ye may tell it to generations follow. —Ps. xlviii. 12. 13.

Two Weeks at Norfolk.

As is generally known among our brotherhood, the church at Norfolk, Va., is yet in its infancy. Two years ago that thriving city, like so many other thriving cities of our country, was without a Christian Church. On one of his evangelistic tours, Dr. Jones heard the Macedonian call from a few brethren who were anxious to see a church established there. Since that time he has been concentrating his energies upon that point, with results that ought to be highly gratifying to the whole denomination. Eight desirable lots have been bought and paid for as a site for the church-building that is to be; and a chapel has been erected on the rear of them as a temporary meeting-place until the necessary funds are gathered from North and South for the erection of the church. Meanwhile, by dint of hard missionary and pastoral work, almost a hundred souls had been gathered into a goodly flock before the special meetings, that have just closed, began.

By an arrangement with Dr. Jones for a little reciprocity in evangelistic work the writer has had the privilege of contributing his mite towards this noble undertaking; and the Norfolk meeting is now a blessed memory. (Such may the Brooklyn meeting be!) It was no new experience for me to labor with that true yoke-fellow,

though it was the most delightful time we had ever spent together. I found everything ripe for the evangelistic sickle, and we had only to thrash it in and gather the precious sheaves. We were favored with good weather, and the attendance at the services increasing from the first night, until at the last the extra seats that were called into requisition were inadequate to accommodate the crowds, and an ever deepening interest seemed to pervade the audiences. Dr. Jones' estimate places the number that in one way and another gave public expression to their desire to begin the Christian life at two hundred. Of this number at least forty were reached in two meetings outside of our chapel. One of these was held in the People's Tabernacle, an immense structure, owned by a society of laymen of the different churches, and used for the purpose of holding large union meetings. It was no small inspiration to look into the faces of the three thousand people gathered there that Sunday afternoon, and I confess to a degree of pride when I reflected that but for the efforts of Dr. Jones and others of our brethren at Norfolk such a tabernacle would not have been there. Every Sunday afternoon the different denominations came together for a union service in this mammoth auditorium. An ounce of such practical unity is worth more than a ton of the eloquent vapings about union that are frequently heard upon the floors of church congresses. The other meeting to which I refer was held the following Sunday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A. Building. It was a meeting for men only, and three rooms were filled with them. The Holy Spirit was manifestly present in the service, and twenty or twenty-five men at the close of the address expressed a desire to begin the new life. The eighteen that had already united with our church when I went, had grown to a goodly company of sixty-five when the meetings closed; and Dr. Jones had upon his list the names of twenty others whom he confidently expected to receive. Of course, many went to other churches, their names being taken by Brother Jones and forwarded to the pastor of their choice.—a practice who, elberality and good will quite surprised many who saw it, and certainly did our cause no harm in the estimation of intelligent beholders.

There is nothing else quite so encouraging in our denominational outlook to-day as the general awakening to the importance of establishing churches in our cities. We are by no means fully awake yet, but we are beginning to rub our eyes, and this fact is full of promise. One

good church in such a city as Norfolk is worth more to us than a score of organizations in rural districts, so far as getting a hold upon the general public is concerned. It is therefore most important that we should foster and encourage, and assist with our means, every such enterprise. Norfolk will call upon us for help in due time; for a building must be erected; and until it is erected the work will be handicapped. Every one who has ever undertaken such pioneer work as Dr. Jones is doing knows full well the difficulty of getting members into a church when to unite with it means to put one's shoulder under the financial burden of building a new house. When the call comes, therefore, let it meet a generous response from North and South.

Our special meetings in Brooklyn begin next Sunday (Dec. 6th,) and we request the prayers of the brotherhood in their behalf.

C. L. JACKSON

Japan Notes.

One of the dreadful calamities overtook many of the dear people of Japan last month on the 28th, when two towns of possibly 8 and 11 thousand inhabitants perished besides portions of Nagoya and Osaka, two of the large cities in this Empire. Nagoya seems to be one of the Budhists hot beds. Even of late had they made it extremely hard for Christianity and done much against it. As most of the houses here are built of wood, when an earthquake like the one on between 28th of October or on the 4th of November 37 years ago, takes place and the they fall, invariably there are lamps or fires which are also thrown over or some lumber or other inflammable article falls on it and soon a fire is the result, and as such takes place generally at several points at once it is impossible to arrest it all until much harm is done. So in this calamity much property that might have been saved, perished by the flames. Much is being done to help the needy.

Mission work is still going forward, if it gets a setback in one direction, it nevertheless keeps pressing forward. Converts are still being added though slow. Fallbacks are I am sorry to say many. Very difficult to keep up with all the members, as many of these people remove so often to other places.

Politicians are earnestly working. One man was likely to have lost his life while lecturing the other day. A young man a Soshi, who was sitting in front rose up and made for the speaker with the intention of taking his life, but the police took him a

prisoner before he accomplished his purpose.

Our own mission is moving on slowly, cannot boast but am thankful we are doing a little. Have some earnest workers who seem to be doing all they can. Number of converts this year are not quite as many as last, still they are not bad. Our mission must arouse to do more, therefore we beg all our dear readers to please do their duty even to self-denial for God and the heathen.

Pray for Japan and that her trials may be blest to her. Let us improve our opportunities. Give liberally to missions also.

With regards to all.

D. F. JONES.

District Meeting No. 2.

FRIDAY, 27

Owing to the inclemency of the weather there was but few out today. Prayer Meeting conducted by Rev. J. W. Fuquay. Adjourned till to-morrow.

SATURDAY, 28.

10:00 a.m. Prayer Meeting conducted by Rev. J. A. Jones.

10:30 a.m. The meeting called to order by Rev. J. A. Jones, President of last session. Churches responded as follows: Martha's Chapel, H. Miholland; Plymouth, J. W. Rhodes and A. L. Harris; Pleasant Grove, Edwin S. Coates; New Hill, D. Gardner, L. L. Lee. There were 17 churches not represented.

Ministers present: J. A. Jones, E. T. Isley, J. W. Fuquay, C. H. Rowland. On motion Rev. J. A. Jones was re-elected President.

10:45 a.m. Some of the most important subjects on the program were taken up and discussed by the different brethren. Essay by Miss Mattie Gardner, subject, Temperance.

Hayes' Chapel was selected for our next meeting the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in January 1892.

On motion a committee of three was appointed to arrange a program for the next District Meeting consisting of Revs. J. A. Jones, J. W. Fuquay and C. H. Rowland. Adjourned with prayer by Bro. C. H. Rowland. Benediction by the President.

SUNDAY, 29.

There was no meeting to-day owing to the inclemency of the weather. We all had a very disagreeable journey through the snow. Especially those of us who were quite a distance from home.

We thank the good people around New Hill church for their kind treatment during our stay with them.

I will send a copy of the essay to the SUN in the near future for publication.

Very respectfully,
EDWIN S. COATES,
Secretary.
New Hill, N. C., Nov. 27, 1891.

From Holland.

The Christian church at Holland is still doing well. At my last appointment—4th Sunday in November, two heads of families applied for membership. They will be valuable additions. Several others have taken letters with the intention of uniting with us at our next appointment, which will be quarterly meeting. We have not yet made a positive arrangement for the services of a pastor. Rev. H. H. Butler will probably be our pastor, preaching for us 2nd Sunday evenings, and Bro. Demarest may preach for us 4th Sundays. Everything is in good condition to receive a worthy pastor.

Our singing school, numbering about fifty, continues very interesting, and is succeeding well in acquiring a knowledge of vocal music, and in training their voices, and is already a very pleasant auxiliary in the regular church worship as well as the Sabbath School.

Very unexpected to all, we had quite a heavy snow storm last Sunday, Nov. 29th I had the evening before started to meet Bro. H. H. Butler at Cypress Chapel, it being his quarterly meeting. Had reached Deacon John B. Harrell's in two miles of the church, and was most pleasantly and hospitably entertained that night by him, his kind wife and family. But arose next morning, without having experienced any material change in temperature, surprised to find the air densely filled with falling snow flakes. The storm raged furiously all day, and I had to return home, much against the wishes of Bro. Harrell and his kind family, through the weather. I, however, did not suffer as they feared—reached home safely, but disappointed in not reaching church, and enjoying the meeting as expected.

I would here add, that Bro. H. H. Butler has proposed to take a collection for me at all of his churches, to help liquidate our church debt at Holland, if the writer would meet him at his appointments. The writer will most assuredly accept the generous offer, and the favor will be much appreciated. What other pastor feels a disposition to do likewise?

R. H. HOLLAND.

From Rev. S. B. Klapp

A few words about my protracted meeting, as I have been very busy and have said nothing to the readers

of the SUN of late: At New Hape, we had a very good meeting. Rev. D. M. Williams assisted the pastor.

The meeting at Beulah was very good—about 20 professions and several accessions to the church. Bro. D. M. Williams also assisted us there. He has many warm friends in this community. He did good work here; he is a growing young minister, and doubtless there is a broad field for him in the future.

In Youngsville we held a union revival. This was a fine meeting; the Baptist, Methodist and Christians all came together as one people to work for the Lord. There were about 28 professions. The churches of this town were much revived, and so far the pastor of the Christian church has received 11 accessions to the church. Rev. R. H. Whitaker, D. D., pastor of the M. E. church, Rev. Wm. B. Royal, D. D., pastor of the Baptist church, and this writer, pastor of the Christian church, were assisted by Revs. P. T. Klapp, C. O. Durant and Dr. Edwards. The Youngsville people came together as they never did before.

Our meeting at Union, Va., was good, we held three services resulting in 13 professions and several accessions to the church. The pastor was very feeble and had no assistance. I have labored under many disadvantages this year.

S. B. KLAPP
Youngsville, N. C., Nov. 30, 1891.

"Best."

The following poem, with the title "Best," has comforted many a weeping Rachel grieving for the loss of her little one. But, perhaps all who have been the comforted by the words do not know that they came from a mother heart as sorely bruised as their own. Their author was Helen Hunt, the beloved "H. H." of literature. It was only when she had been called, in her sad young widowhood, to give up the beautiful and gifted boy upon whom she had lavished an almost idolatrous affection that her great nature began to reach out in tender words and philanthropic deeds to other lives as crushed and lonely as her own:

Mother, I see you with your nursery light
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine
to-night,

And that is best!

I cannot help tear, when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and the bright
curls shine

On your warm breast;
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or
mine—

He can love best;

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with
alarm;

And sore oppressed;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of
harm;

And that is best!

You know over yours may hang even
now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;

Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that of yours the feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest;
Mine are cherished of saints around God's
throne,
And that is best

You must dread for yours the crime that
sears,
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Mine entered spotless on eternal years'
Oh, how much the best!

But grief is selfish, and I cannot see
Always why I shou'd so stricken be,
More than the rest;
But I know that, as well as for them, for
me,
God did the best!

True Friendship.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "Ointment and perfume rejoice the head; so doth the sweetness of a man's friends by his hearty counsel" Job's three friends "heard him;" but he added "my friends scorn me." He had told them some hard things. So do our friends sometimes. "Get some Christian friend," said Gomell, "whom thou mayest trust above all others, to be thy faithful monitor." Wise words! But suppose he "will not hear these." Ah, what! To be a real friend, one must be a real man. He must know right from wrong and dare to do right. Some friendships are as water-lilies, broad leaves, enough about the surface, but how are they below the current? The least agitation of the surrounding elements causes a restless movement, uncertain and transverse, so that you know not as they are blown about which way they will turn next. How shallow such friendships! How uncertain! A real friend. O, what a joy! There are such. But they are judicious. They will warn us. They will admonish us. They will stand by us when we are in the right, pity and help us when we are in the wrong, and forsaken by men. True friendship can exist, permanently, only between true hearts. There can be no lasting affection between bad men. Hast thou a friend? Be thankful; yet frankfull. Tell him when he does wrong, urge him to do right. Do not kill him with misguided zeal. Keep your eyes open. Love him, but be careful. Harm him not.

—Exchange.

The Greatest Thing.

It is the man who is the missionary, it is not his words. In the heart of Africa, among the great lakes, I have come across black men and women who remembered the only white man they ever saw before—David Livingstone; and as you cross his footsteps in that dark continent, men's faces light up as they speak of the kind Doctor who passed there years ago: They could not understand him; but they felt the love that beat in his heart.

.... Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things in *merely* doing kind things? Run over it with that in view, and you will find that he spent a great proportion of his time simply in making people happy, in doing good turns to people. There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and it is not in our keeping; but what God has put in our power is the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them.

"The greatest thing," says some one, "a man can do for his Heavenly Father, is to be kind to some of his other children." I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are! How much the world needs it. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back, for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable as love "Love never faileth." Love is success. Love is happiness. Love is life. Where love is, God is.—Prof. Drummond.

A Boy Lost.

Such was the cry lately in a neighborhood not far from Rock Beach. Household matters were neglected, business suspended by near friends and neighbors, and diligent search made until he was found. Every parent's sympathy was aroused by a sense of what their feelings would be, were their own child lost. The ease was near at hand—their own neighbor's child. They were glad to help in the search, and glad when the boy was found. Conceive the state of an orphan in a destitute condition. If it is the child of a neighbor or relative your interest is awakened and your help extended. His state may be even worse, and that permanent, the lost boy's condition. The lost boy may be in a place of safety, but the friends don't know it and their not knowing is one cause of grief. The orphan child may be wretched, and the fact be well known and yet sympathy and relief are not always extended.—*Orphan Vice.*

The darkest night that ever fell upon the earth never hid the light, never put out the stars. It only made the stars more keenly, kindly gleaming, as if in protest against the darkness. *Elliott.*

Love is the refreshing water; the law is the channel for it to flow in; and the spring is the bosom of God.—*McClintock.*

Whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. —*Hawthorne.*

Shall We Read Trash.

Parents used to say that they would like to take papers, if their children would read them; but they would not do so. That state of things is fast passing away. The time has come when nearly all children who can read are going to read something; and, if you do not give them something good to read they will read something bad.

The world is being flooded with literature that is as poisonous to the morals as arsenic is to the body. Much of it has here and there something very good, used as a sugar coating for the bad; and thereby forcing the bad into the family for the sake of the good. Then, the old people read the good and the young people the bad.

You will find papers sent out offering many premiums with, possibly, half of their pages as full of low down, trashy stuff as an egg is of meat; and at the same time have in them excellent sermons. The publishers have no love for the sermons, but simply use them with which to bait the devil's hook.

Nothing has more to do with shaping the morals of a people than the literature they read. If a boy is always reading exploits of sailors, nine times out of ten, he will want to be a sailor. If a girl spends all her leisure hours reading about the theater, quite likely she will want to go on the stage. If your children shall form the habit of reading the Bible, and other good religious literature, they will desire to be more like Christ.

Visiting.

Much has been said recently about pastoral visiting, but nothing about any other visiting. Possibly there is neglect in visiting outside of the ministerial ranks.

In this long day of push and business when apparently every moment of time is mortgaged to worldly duties, members of the church have called a halt, and put on the brakes on Christian visiting.

Visiting in the proper way among the membership of a church is calculated to do much good. It gives birth to new sympathies in church work; it brings about an exchange of ideas; it calls forth a rehearsal of experiences, and causes hearts to fill with joy from the same foundation at the same time.

There are several kinds of visiting. Some people visit to talk about their neighbors, advertise the gossip of the week, and look for the imperfections in other folks. This type of visitation is born in the dark regions, and fed by the hot flames of sin.

The true Christian love to visit

to do others good, and hear a word, or see an act that may strengthen his own soul for the work of Christ.

A few days ago a brother said his business crowded him, possibly, as much or more than any one else; but, said he, I can always find time to visit the sick, and go to the prayer meeting.

Visiting the sick, looking after the poor, and rescuing the perishing, are duties obligatory upon every member of the church. Possibly nothing is calculated to develop the spiritual man faster than true Christian visiting.

Christmas Will Soon Be Here.

The day that brings joys to many on one hand, and sorrows to not a few on the other, will soon be here. As the day which we celebrate as the birthday of our Saviour, draws near, the hearts of those who are looking forward for a good time, swell more and more with joyful emotion, as the days and nights count the hours away.

On this delightful day, friends will rejoice with friends; presents will be given and received in exchange; parents will visit their children and receive their visits in return; and in thousands of homes there will be joyful glee in the fullest sense. But this same day will find many sad hearts in huts, destitute of the necessities of life. While the children over yonder are rejoicing with their presents, some in their shanties are shivering with cold, clad in filthy rags. In yonder's mansion the wife enjoys the company of a kind husband and children; but up in some garret is a woman, once beautiful and happy, but now pale and miserable, listening for the angry words of a drunken sot who in better years pledged himself to protect her.

Now, dear readers, as Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, let us begin in good time to make arrangements to administer unto some suffering one during Christmas, and make ourselves happy by making some miserable one happy.

The object in writing this article is to call attention in time to an open door for usefulness, so the readers of the SUN may have full time to be in readiness to enter this field of mercy in the spirit of Christian love.

"He Had Been Drinking."

The daily papers of last Tuesday announced the sad ending of a human life, by suicide, and at the conclusion of the account, the only cause apparently known for the rash act was given in these words: "He had been drinking."

If this were an isolated case, we might give a simple sigh of pity and pass on, but when we face the astounding fact that the truth would write that dreadful sentence, as the explanation of thousands of sad and terrible deaths, we at once realize cause for alarm, and look about us for help to relieve the fearful destruction of human life, which comes daily because "he had been drinking."

Men plead for whiskey on the grounds of personal liberty, but we plead against it on the grounds of personal protection, not individual, but general.

Thousands of thoughtless men say, "let it alone and it will not harm you." That is not true, as has been shown a thousand times, but were it true, the argument would not meet the demands of the case, because there are tens of thousands of men and women who have not the strength to let it alone, so long as you put it in their reach. This is the fact which confronts us—and the fact which a Christian people ought to meet in some practical way. So long as we license this terrible evil, so long do we render self-protection for this class of people impossible, and to this extent, at least, we make ourselves responsible for the awful fact which follows many a suicide, murder, and other crimes—"He had been drinking." Every Christian ought to wash his or her hands and life of all connection with such a state of society. It is a shame that we make it a possibility.

J. PRESSLEY BARRETT.

Editorial Correspondence.

Last Saturday night at about 7:30 we boarded the cars at Morrisville for a ride to Graham. On our way we had a nice time studying as there was no one on board with whom we were acquainted to engage our attention.

The ears behaved themselves nicely, making good time, and remaining on the rails; so when Graham was called out, a kind of subdued, thank God for his guiding hand, was sent up to the Giver of all good.

Not quite a mile on the back, through a little red mud, and Rev. P. H. Fleming's was reached. Bro. Fleming was in bed suffering from la grippe. Sister Fleming was not entirely clear of the effects of the same disease.

Notwithstanding the illness of our dear brother and family, a tired preacher was nicely cared for during that night and a part of the next day.

Sunday morning before ten o'clock, Bro. S. W. Harden and wife come driving in from their beautiful coun-

try home, on their way to Sunday school. The faces of this dear brother and sister appeared so familiar, that the thought of pleasant moments spent in their delightful home in by gone days, immediately passed in view before memory's vision.

At the church, New Providence, we met many of the true and tried friends of the Christian Church, whose names are too numerous to mention.

In the absence of Bro. Fleming, the beloved pastor of the church, we tried to preach the word. As we looked over the congregation, we noticed the absence of Bro. Peter Harden and Bro. Whitsitt. These two brethren used to be pillars in this church, but have vacated their seats here to occupy glorified ones in Heaven.

We took dinner with J. D. Kornodle, editor of the Alannance Gleacher. Here we had the pleasure of spending a few hours with J. H. Harden and his lady. Bro. Harden is a fine business man, but amidst all his business he does not forget his church. Bro. Kornodle is the efficient superintendent of the Sunday school.

Brethren Jacob Long and Samuel Crawford are among the oldest members of New Providence church, but they were both out to hear the word preached.

The trip to Graham was highly pleasant.

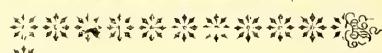
We ran up to Burlington Sunday evening. Here it was our great pleasure to have a few minutes to call on brethren W. C. Isley, Joseph Fix, Capt. W. H. Turrentine, and Capt. J. A. Turrentine. It always is a source of joy to meet with these dear families. The night was spent with Bro. W. C. Isley. He and his brother are doing a good business at Burlington. Their names will appear in an advertisement in the Annual.

We shall long remember with pleasure our trip to Graham and Burlington.

W. G. C.

The Still Hour. By Austin Phelps, 16mo. 136 pp. 60cts. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

In the publishers' announcement we are told that the revision of this beautiful spiritual book was one of the latest tasks of the author, so that it may be considered as his reiterated, parting message. The one before us is a new edition of this favorite of devoted minds, and has very recently been issued. We would like to lay it on the table of every reader, and since this is not feasible, we would counsel him to lay it there himself. The style is musical; there is no discordant break in it, to distract us from the thought, and every now and then is soars upward like the sky-lark in Jeremy Taylor's wonderful description of prayer itself—if the medium is clear and exquisite, the ideas and sentiments revealed through its limpidity are better still. There is so much cavilling about "the efficacy of prayer" in this our day and generation, that words of faith such as these "do good like a medicine,"



THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Happy greetings to one and all! Only two weeks more and Christmas, the happiest season of the year, is here. Christmas, the birthday of our Savior, why shouldn't we be happy? Even those who are very poor and cannot enjoy the pleasure of giving presents have one present—the greatest that can be enjoyed by mortals—given by God to all who will accept. He gave the world his Son that whosoever would believe on him might not perish but have everlasting life. Then let us be happy and at this season remember only the blessings.

The communion set for Elon College has been ordered and I have just seen it. It is beautiful. It is four-plated silver very highly polished, with "Elon College" engraved on each article. Margaret deserves much credit for her effort and its success, and we are proud of her. Many thanks to all who assisted her in any way. The set with the engraving and freight cost \$22.85. I tell you the BAND is a power if it just wants to be! May Our Heavenly Father so guide and protect the cousins that their strength may always be given to the glory of Christ.

Now that the communion set is bought let all put their wits to work for the BAND.

Cordially yours,

UNCLE TANGLE.

SELMA, N. C., Nov. 26, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I have only \$23.00, but as you can get the set for \$19.50, it is sufficient. I am so glad I have enough. I send it to you, and hope you will get it and have it at Elon by their next communion service. Love to Aunt Minnie and kiss little Ethel for me.

Devotedly,
MARGARET ETHEREDGE.

Margaret, the set has been bought and it is lovely. The engraving of the words "Elon College" on each piece and the freight made the total cost \$23.00. May all your efforts be as successful as this has been, and may God's name receive all the glory. Aunt Minnie and little Ethel are getting along nicely. U. T.

MORTON'S STORE, N. C., Dec. 6, '91.

DEAR UNCLE TANGLE:—As I have not written in some time, I will write again to let you and the cousins know that I have not forgotten you all. I am thirteen years old and have been a member of the BAND about nine months. I am going to school at

Oakwood, Miss Cora Scott is our teacher, we like her very much. Uncle Tangle I am going to ask you for a Christmas present and I hope you will not deny me: I want your photograph, as I have never seen you it would seem more like I knew who I was writing to. I am sorry that Uncle Barry has given up the SUN, and I welcome Uncle Clements to its office and wish him great success. I close by wishing you and the cousins a happy Christmas. Enclosed find five cents for the BAND.

Your loving niece,

LEONA KERN DLE.

Leona, we are glad to hear from you again, and heartily thank you for your kind wishes. I am sorry you ask for my photograph for a Christmas present, because I have none I can send you now. Write often any way, and we will enjoy the letters just the same as though we knew each other personally.

PORLTND, Mich., Dec. 4, 1891.

DEAR CHILDREN:—It has been quite a while since I have written anything for the Corner, and I wonder if the cousins have forgotten me. Surely I have not forgotten them, and to-day I have written a few verses about a sweet little girl, just like many a little girl who will read these lines, or whose mother will read them for her, and I hope they will afford you all as much pleasure in reading as I have found in writing them.

Your loving friend,

UNCLE MILLARD.

LITTLE GERTIE.

Little Gertie, a fair hair'd girl
With cheeks of rosy hue;
With plump red lips and teeth of pearl
I'll introduce her to you.

She loves to talk and loves to sing,
And is a pet at home.
She's four years o'ld and j-y is king—
Where'er her feet may roam

She often tells the things she'll do
When she's a woman grown;
I'm sure she'll do some of them, too,
But not quite all, I own.

For she like other girls of fon',
And oft of "sweet sixteen,"
Will change their plans when they
know more—

Of this life's work, I ween.

And now I love each bright eyed child
With heart briful of glee;
O may not one, who reads grow wilc,
But truthful, loving, be.

P. E. M.

Bessie's Christmas.

Why are you so sober, Nell?" asked Mrs. Hurd of her little daughter, who wore an unusually thoughtful face.

"It's Bessie Watkins, mamma," said Nell, "she troubles me."

"How dear!"

"There's something wrong, somehow, mamma; but I don't quite know how to tell you. She has lots of things other girls don't have, but

they don't make her happy. Her aunties give her beautiful things, ever so many more than you give me, mamma,—but it don't seem as though they do it because they love her as you do me, and sometimes I think that's what's the matter. She is one of the nicest girls I know, and just as good and generous as she can be, and I do wish she was sometimes as happy and full of life as other girls. This afternoon we were all at Mrs. Black's, and she asked us each what we wanted Santa Claus to bring us. Of course we said all kind of things, except Bessie. Mrs. Black asked her if there was not something she wanted, and she shook her head, and said, 'No.' Then Mrs. Black asked her to think again, and she looked up so sadly, and said with quivering voice, —

"I don't want anything but my mamma," and then burst out crying, and we all cried a little too, because we know her mother is dead, and she has only her aunties to take care of her.

"Mrs. Black talked to her kindly; and Bessie said she knew she could not have her real mamma, like other girls, but she wanted something to make her feel that she did have one once, who would have loved her as other mothers do their little girls. She can't remember hers, and no one ever tells her anything about her; so it just seems sometimes as though she never had one. You make so many people glad, mamma, isn't there just possibly something you could do to make her so?"

"I will try. Ask Bessie to come here Christmas day."

"Mamma, do you really think you can make her happy?"

Bessie Watkins had not lived long in the same town with Nell, and though Mrs. Hurd had seen her once or twice with Nell, and knew of her, she had never spoken to her; but when she came to the house Christmas morning she was greeted pleasantly and questioned about her presents. In telling about them, she was not so enthusiastic as Nell would have been, and ended by saying, in sweet, lady-like tones, —

"My aunties are always so very kind you know."

"I am sure they are, dear," said Mrs. Hurd, "and you are very fortunate in having such good aunties to take care of you; but what would you think if I were to tell you of a present here that has been waiting for you since before you were born?"

Bessie's eyes opened wide, and so did Nell's, as they both looked at Mrs. Hurd in surprise.

"Come and sit on my lap while I tell you about it," said Mrs. Hurd. "That is the way Nell and I have our talks," she added smiling.

Bessie rose in a bewildered way, hesitating and looking from Nell to her mother, until Mrs. Hurd drew her to herself tenderly, and resting the delicate little head on her shoulder, said, —

"This is the way Nell and I like to talk."

Bessie burst into tears at this, and Mrs. Hurd did not try to stop her for a few moments, then said quietly, —

"I want to tell you, Bessie, how dearly I loved your mamma."

"You knew my mamma!" exclaimed Bessie, raising her head, and looking earnestly at Mrs. Hurd through her tears.

"Yes, dear; we were little girls together, just as you and Nell are."

"Oh tell me about her! please do."

For some time Mrs. Hurd talked of their childhood days, while the child listened eagerly to every word. At last she asked, —

"And did you know her always, as long as she lived?"

"Yes, dear; but when I married, I came here to live, and did not see her for several years. Then I had a dear little baby girl, just learning to walk and talk, and I sent for your mamma to come and visit me. When she came, she brought my little girl a beautiful doll, dressed by her own hands, and she had made it look just as much as she could like one we each had when we were little girls. She was very proud of it, and said, that if she ever had a little girl herself, she was going to dress one just like it for her."

"Did my mamma really say that?" asked Bessie, and Nell thought she had never seen her look so pretty; for a bright color had come into her face, and her eyes sparkled.

"Yes, said Mrs. Hurd; and then she told how her own little girl had taken sick and died in a little while, and the doll had been laid away with her other playthings, where it had been kept ever since.

"I think now, dear, that it would please both your mamma and my little girl if they could know you were to have it.

Nell, dear, it is on the table. Bring it to Bessie, please?"

As Nell went for it, Bessie sprang up and met her, taking the doll from her, sat down and gazed at it as though she were almost afraid to touch it.

"Does it please you to have it?" asked Mrs. Hurd.

"I have never been so happy in all my life before. It is just like having a little bit of my own mamma, and I shall love it so very, very dearly that it will help me to know that my mamma would have loved me, too. Oh, I can't tell you how happy you have me by telling me what you did, and by giving me this!"

"Mamma," said Nell that night when they were alone, "I am so glad you never let us play with that doll; d-don't it hurt you to give it away?"

"Not under the circumstances, dear, do you think I could have been so selfish as to keep it, when I have so much to remind me of my little girl and she so little to remind her of her dear mother!"

"Mainna, I think if it had been all you had, you would have given it just the same. What a grand thing a good mother is, and how proud I am of mine!"—*Children's New Church Magazine.*

A Correspondence.

The following letters will explain themselves:

BURLINGTON, N. C., Dec. 1, 1891.

BRO. CLEMENTS: I have just received the accompanying letter from a worthy and intelligent layman of a sister denomination. It shows how the minds of others are being exercised on the great question of prohibition. If the resolutions adopted by our Conference at Pleasant Grove are accepted literally and carried out practically, then I think we can offer the brother who wrote the letter a church up to his standard. And why not? Slavery was a moral wrong, but it continued to exist until the northern pulpit met it square in public, and the northern pew joined the pulpit at the ballot box in voting against it. The church must down the saloon or it will continue to exist.

J. W. HOLT.

—, N. C., Nov. 27, 1891

J. W. HOLT,

Burlington, N. C.

FIEND AND BROTHER:—I herewith send you a copy of the Prohibition Leaflets. The sentiment advocated in it accord with my views on the subject of the attitude of the church towards the saloon, and especially the prohibition member. I have been considering the subject for some time and had arrived at the conclusion that I could not see how I could as a prohibitionist much longer give my support to a church that takes the grounds that the church and preachers do. It seems to me that the fight for right will force us out of the present churches if they do not declare for prohibition and maintain it. I have but little hope of our church yet, though we have some preachers that vote prohibition. How is it with yours. If your church will not make the advance and come out for the right cannot there be a church formed, as well as a prohibition party, that will stand square again the saloon and the liquor traffic, so that we can have a church that we could heartily support. I feel that I am ready to make the advance on that line, and if your church adopts that for its motto you may look for me, though I like my church. But give me prohibition in the church. Hoping to hear from you on the subject, I am your friend.

N — S — .

Extracts From the "Japan Mail,"
Published Nov. 7, 1891.

We collect the following from the vernacular press: Very shortly after the most violent shock of earthquake had leveled thousands of houses and crushed hundreds of people to death in Gifu, the clanging of the fire bell

was heard. Flames had burst from the ruins of the silk company in Akitsn-Machi. In an incredibly short space of time the fire spread, the unhappy people being entirely occupied with the work of trying to rescue the wounded from the debris. By degrees the citizens assembled in the open spaces near the Keicho, police Station, and Inaba Shrine, gazing with despair at the roaring conflagration on the one hand and their maimed or dying relatives on the other. Happily this conflagration burned itself out in Akitsu-machi and Shichikyoku-cho. But the respite was brief. Three other fires immediately broke out, and ultimately joining into one, swept from street to street, the fury of the flames being fanned by a strong northwest wind which began to blow at two o'clock p.m. It is impossible to convey any idea of the confusion and distress that prevailed at this time. By 8 o'clock in the evening almost every part of the town was wrapped in fire. The inhabitants abandoning all hope of staying the conflagration, escaped with such few articles of furniture or clothing as they could save. Those living in the northern end of the town carried their valuables to the neighborhood of Inari hill, deeming themselves perfectly safe there, but the flames overtook them and they had to seek refuge among the woods on the hill side, where many doubtless lost their lives in the dark by falling over the dangerous precipices with which the place abounds. At about 10 p.m. the conflagration reached its height, having been burning for some 15 hours, despite the strenuous exertions of the police, who were aided by the students from the Normal School and by about 80 prisoners from the jail. All through the night these men and lads toiled, and it seemed that they at length obtained the mastery of the fire when it again burst out at 6 in the following morning, nor did it ultimately subside until 11 a.m. on the 29th. It had been burning for nearly 28 hours, and almost the whole town was a mass of ruins. The record in Aichi prefecture up to 2:25 p.m. on the 4th inst shows 2,351 killed, 2,931 wounded, and 41,499 houses totally destroyed. The report from Gifu prefecture up to the same time is 5,173 killed, 6,527 wounded, 40,474 houses totally destroyed.

There are 28 places, at Gifu, where the soil sank more than 3 feet in about three acres. The banks of the large river Nagara are totally destroyed. Anything like a heavy rainfall would cause nearly the whole of Gifu to be flooded..

D. F. JONES

Profession and Practice.

The ideal Christian life is on a very high plane both as to profession and practice. He that enjoys much should confess much. He that confesses little may be supposed to enjoy little, for it is certainly natural to be quite as good as one really is. No doubt many are worse than they profess to be, possibly a few are better; but the normal condition is to be exactly what you claim to be, and to claim to be exactly what you are. This is the Bible requirement. Let your light shine. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. Be open, frank, and free in your religious claims; you thereby help others and help yourself. If the world knows how you are trying to live, and you know that the world knows it, both you and the world will be likely to act accordingly. The world is no friend to grace, but it is our opinion that the average of mankind is disposed to help, not hinder, a devoted seeker after God. At any rate, it is well to commit ourselves openly to that which is right and good. He that aims only in secret to be good and do good is like an army crossing a river, but leaving the bridge behind. Burn up the bridges. Leave no chance for retreat. Take your stand and hold it. Declare honestly to all men what God has done for your soul, and what you still desire

for him to do. The very commitment will help to establish you. It will arouse all the best faculties and powers of your nature to aid you in keeping your stand. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. It is as much the part of the programme to confess with the mouth as it is to believe with the heart. A secret Christian is an anomaly. God's grace in the heart will find vent. He that knows God will acknowledge him. A shame of confession indicates precious little confession to make. Boldness of confession may beget the hypocrite; but modest, honest, true confession, never. Many have need to study the beautiful example of Daniel: "I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplication, with fastings and sackcloth and ashes; and I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession." The great prophet first confessed to God, and then professed him before his fellowmen. He was not ashamed to be seen praying, nor afraid to face death in the discharge of duty. Our Lord himself before Pontius Pilate "witnessed a good confession," setting a good example to his followers forever. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

.....The addition of stenography and typewriting in the education of young people increases very materially their chances of making a livelihood.
—W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

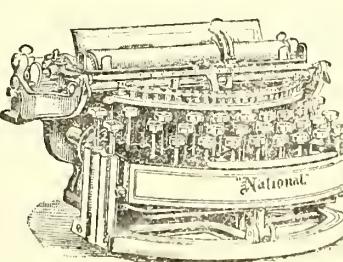
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Not a "Deadhead."

Jonah was an honest man. True, there were some things in his character which we cannot admire but it cannot be denied that he was fair and upright in his dealings with men. He fled from the presence of the Lord and went down to the sea coast town Joppa, and embarked on a ship for Tarshish—and “paid the fare thereof.” He recognized the fact that the investment represented in the ship and the labor of handling it, demanded a fair return and he paid, cheerfully, his part of the expense. Fairness in dealing with others is one of the rare virtues of the present day. The question of value concerning any service or article is too often replaced by the question as to how much can they be sold for, or for how little can they be bought. The man who sells at a price above value, and the man who forces a bargain below value are alike unjust and cruel. That is not the way the world looks at it, but it is the right way, nevertheless.

But another view of this subject presents itself. Jonah did not travel as a “dead head” or on half fare. There were no “clergyman’s permits” in those days, no “ten per cent.” reductions. Somehow the idea has grown that certain concessions must be made to preachers. With a feeling akin to embarrassment, if not a sacrifice, of self respect, these favors are accepted by some preachers, while this very state of affairs leads some men of the world to look with condescension upon the preachers. We enter our protest against placing the ministry in such a position. It is unfair to say that a preacher is a deadhead, because, he sometimes receives kindnesses from others. Aside from the purely religious aspect of the case, the gospel contributes to the security and prosperity of every human interest. In one sense every man, saint or sinner, is debtor to the gospel. What man would be safe in the possession of his property, or happy in his home, or successful in his business, but for the conserving and uplifting influence of Christianity—and how would that influence be disseminated but for the preacher? In this view of the subject, it is cruel and unjust to look upon preachers of the gospel as deadheads. They give to society infinitely more than they receive. They are not beggars.

They earn all and often more than they get.

It is true Jonah paid his fare, but he did so when running away from duty—and “the fare” should be demanded of every unfaithful preacher. Indeed, no little of the prejudice that has arisen is due to the bestowal of favors upon unworthy recipients.

But there is another side to this question. While all that has been said is true—it is nevertheless a solemn fact that the preacher should be placed in a position of independence, where he can hold up his head as a man among men. Then he will not have to accept favors unless he chooses—and particularly will he be able to decline those which are bestowed grudgingly and with ill grace. He ought to be able to “pay the fare” if he prefers to do so. After all, when you come to think of it, the sum total of these favors, in any given instance, does not amount to very much. The churches can well afford to make a liberal additional allowance to salaries now paid pastors. It will not be money wasted. The feeling of independence thus given the pastor will strengthen his influence and enlarge his usefulness while the power of the churches in their respective communities will be greatly enhanced.

Every church ought to have too much respect for itself and too much love for the pastor to allow him to be called or even looked upon as a “dead head.”—*Central Baptist.*

Facing Our Troubles.

“I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years,” said my neighbor, Farmer Luce; “and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But to-day when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by-and-by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took my crow-bar, intending to poke around it and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help.”

“The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it,” I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself; for I do believe that before we pray we should look our troubles square in the face. Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, “O Lord, remove that rock,” when he didn’t know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone! We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it seems so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it; when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one half of its terror would be gone.—*Epsworth Herald.*

The Number Seven.

On the seventh day God ended his work.

In the seventh Noah’s ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent out. Abraham pleaded seven days for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven years more.

Jacob was pursued a seven days journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh’s dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full seven and ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tents.

Every seven years the land rested.

Every seventh year the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days. On the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

In the tabernacle were seven lamps. The golden candlestick had seven branches.—*Cin. Com Gaz.*

“My Smoke House.”

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house which cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

“Why,” said he, “that is my smoke-house.”

“Your smoke-house! What do you mean?”

“Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with interest, into my house. Hence, I call it my smoke-house.”

Now, boys, we want you to think of this when you are tempted to take your first cigar. Think how much good might be done with the money you are beginning to spend in smoke. What would you think of a man who, to amuse himself, should light a paper twenty-five cents, and see it burn? Is it more sensible to take for your quarter a roll of old, dry, brown leaves, light it, and see it smoke?—*Morning Star.*

Sweet Gum and Mule-dock is nature’s great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, consumption and all throat and lung troubles.

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VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Sept. 9th 1891.
Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your **Discovery**, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your **Discovery** was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your **Discovery** they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your **Medical Discovery**. Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

Little By Little.

Louise Parr, a young girl of sixteen, offered to take a class in the mission-school, and was given seven ragged, unkempt boys of ten or twelve years of age. She began early to teach them to spell, and continued to do this for two or three Sabbaths. After studying the alphabet she would read to them a chapter of the Bible and try to explain it. But one Sunday Doctor Storrs, the old pastor, saw that the boys were whispering and scuffling, while Louise sat indifferent, silent and despondent. As she walked home he joined her.

"What was the matter?" he asked.

"They know nothing. I know little more. When I thought of the months, possibly the years, it would take to teach them to read the Bible, and of all the doctrines and wisdom and divine meaning in it which I do not understand, I concluded to give it up. It is of no use to try! It the learned doctors and great saints who must help the world. I am nothing but a stupid weak child."

"Yes," said the old minister, thoughtfully, "God has put a great store of truth here in the world to feed our souls; in the Bible, in nature, in the thought and lives of men.

"Suppose," he said, suddenly, "that you should see piled up here in the field all the bread and meat which you will eat in the course of your life. It would appall you. You would turn from it in horror. But you gladly receive it, a mouthful at a time, and it gives strength and nourishment to your blood and brain.

"Your soul will be fed by God in the same way. You are weak and feel your need of greater knowledge. He does not expect you to become as wise and holy as an apostle or martyr in an hour, but slowly—as the body grows.

"Human beings do not reach mountain heights by one mighty leap, but foot by foot, tramp, tramp, through the thorny brush and over rocks, and through pleasant places, too; by hard labor and happy rests. But they reach it at last, and stand in the sunshine above the clouds."

"I can understand that," said Louise. "But it certainly seems to be folly for me to try to help these boys. They are so ignorant, so indifferent, and so vicious. And they are but two or three out of the hundreds like them in our town. And our town is one out of millions in the world, with ignorance and vice in all. There does not seem to be any use in trying."

The old pastor was silent for a long time, as they walked along the path through the fields. He said at last, "What a terrible drought we

have had this summer! The ground has been baked with the heat, and the vegetation scorched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

"When the rain came last week, suppose each little drop of water, as it left the cloud, could have thought and said:

"Why should I fall upon the vast, arid plain? What good could I do? It needs countless drops to freshen the ground and bring it to life again."

"But the rain-drop did not know what God knows, that one drop may wet the earth above a buried acorn, and help it to become a great tree which shall give shade and comfort to men for centuries."

Louise made no answer to the doctor's parables, but when she reached her home she held out her hand, saying:

"I suppose all teachers sometimes get discouraged. I will try again."

—Christian Index.

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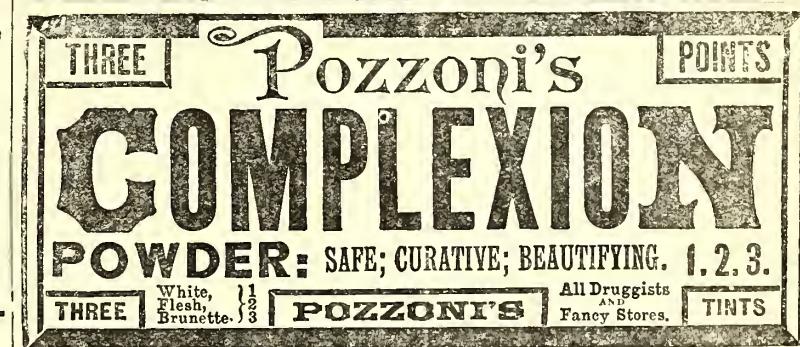
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C. See New York World and Philadelphia Press, May 18 and 19, 1890; also Christian Observer and Medical Journal, April 9, 1890. The Christian Evangelist, May 30, 1890, says editorially: "The Kola Plant is a gift direct of God, to sufferers from Asthma, and His blessing will rest upon Stanley and associates, explorers of the Dark Continent. It is an unfailing cure for Asthma." Cf Remember, No Pay Until Cured.

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The Ideal Home.

We may build a house, enter it and call it home; but unless it is the place of all others for soul culture and mental growth, it seems almost sacrilegious to give it that endearing name. An ideal home may be in an unpretending cottage as well as in a palace. In either case, love must be the pivot on which the intricate machinery of home duties turns. If we desire a model home, we must be willing to work for it with brain and heart as well as hands.

Children should receive their first lessons in usefulness around the family hearth-stone. Very early should they be taught that their own desires must be made subservient to the comfort of the family. Were this rule generally followed, there would be fewer selfish exactions, and the home life would be largely filled with generous, disinterested deeds.

If more time and pains were taken to make homes—homes worthy of the name—the wrongdoings of sons and daughters would not so often plant thorns in the pillows of their parents during their declining years.

Though the mother should take a certain portion of her time for social duties, as a rule she should be found at home to welcome husband and children when they return from the cares and lessons of the day. Everything seems dreary and cheerless when mother is away. There are no sweet smiles and loving words of welcome; no one to inquire about the success and failures of the work undertaken. The remembrance of a loving word or smile will often gladden the whole day. Mother tact will do much towards inventing ways and means to interest the little flock growing up around her; but to have a real home, the father must contribute his part towards making the house in which his family dwells more than a mere shelter from the summer's heat and the winter's cold. His leisure hours belong to his wife and children; and no matter how dull the home life may be, it is his duty to help share the burdens and cares of the one he has promised to love, cherish and protect.

If parents would take more interest in the amusement of their children, there would be less danger of them entering forbidden paths of pleasure when they are called to leave the home that has sheltered their childhood. Young people must have recreation of some kind. It is natural and necessary, and needs much thought and care.

People sometimes wonder why the sons and daughters of religious parents so often go astray. But until more of the "spirit" and less of the "letter" of Christianity is manifested in our home discipline, we must not expect ideal homes or model children. As we sow, we shall reap.—*Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate.*

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God is Always There.

God is always underneath every promise which he has made. But we sometimes hesitate to place our feet upon some promise, for fear that it will not hold us up. We fear that it will break down, and that we will fall through it; yet all such fears are groundless. Every promise of the Bible is built upon an immovable rock, and that rock is Christ. It is said that, when the emperor Charles V. commanded that the Augsburg Confession should be abandoned, and declared that the Protestant leaders should have only six months more, in which to finally make up their minds as to what course they would pursue, the great cause of the Reformation seemed to be in a hopeless condition, and despair settled on the hearts of the most of the Protestants. But the faith and courage of the lion-hearted Luther were equal to the occasion, and he exclaimed: "I saw a sign in the heavens, out of my window, at night; the stars, the host of heaven, held up in a vault above me; yet I could see no pillars on which the Maker had made it rest; but I had no fear that it would fall. Some men look about for the pillars, and would fain touch them with their hands, as if afraid the sky would fall. Poor souls? Is not God always there?" Yes, God, the almighty Maker of all things, is still on his eternal throne—is still bearing up the pillars of all creation, and is ever guarding and guiding the interest of his beloved people. Wherever his children are, be it among their most hostile foes, he is always there to defend and bless them. The enemy may threaten to strip God's children of the things which they hold most dear, and they may actually deprive them of many of the most valued comforts of life, yet they cannot take away the preciousness of their faith, nor rob them of their love of the Savior, nor despoil their hope of heaven, for God is always with them, as the guard of their sacred treasures, and as the solace of their souls. Fear not, therefore to trust in God, though you can not see him. His pillars of power are always in their places, and there will abide, amid all the tempests of time and the shocks of ages.—Rev. C. H. Wetherbee.

"I Want to Find My Papa."

Yesterday a lady was walking along the street when she met a little girl, between the age of two and three years, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand, the lady asked her where she was going. "I'm going down town to find my papa," was the reply, between sobs, of the child. What is your papa's name?"

asked the lady. "His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing. "But what is his other name?" queried the lady, "what does your mamma call him?" "She calls him papa," persisted the baby. The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying "You had better come with me, I guess you came this way." "Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as though her heart would break. "What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady. "I want to kiss him." Just then a sister of the child came along and led her away. From subsequent enquiries it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him, she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.—Selected.

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SOUTH BOUND.	DAILY	No. 9.	No. 11.
Lv. Richmond, a3 00 p m	a3 20 a m		
" Burkeville, 5 10 1 m	5 51 a m		
" Keysville, 5 53 1 m	5 51 a m		
Ar. Danville, 8 10 p m	8 05 a m		
" Greensboro, 10 30 p m	10 12 a m		
Lv. Goldsboro, a12 15 p m	† 1 35 p m		
Ar. Raleigh, 1 45 p m	5 45 p m		
Lv. Raleigh, ab 40 p m	a3 05 a m		
" Durham, 7 45 p m	5 07 a m		
Ar. Greensboro, 10 15 p m	9 40 a m		
Lv. Winston-Salem, † 8 40 p m	a8 50 a m		
" Greensboro, a10 40 p m	a10 20 a m		
Ar. Salisbury, 12 32 a m	12 57 p m		
" Statesville, a1 52 a m	a1 49 p m		
" Asheville, 6 55 a m	5 59 p m		
" Hot Spring, 8 56 a m	7 44 p m		
Lv. Salisbury, a12 40 a m	a12 05 p m		
Ar. Charlotte, 2 00 a m	1 30 p m		
" Spartanburg, 5 10 a m	4 27 p m		
" Greenville, 6 10 a m	5 34 p m		
" Atlanta, 12 20 p m	11 45 a m		
Lv. Charlotte, a1 10 a m	a1 50 p m		
Ar. Columbia, 6 07 a m	5 59 p m		
Ar. Augusta, 9 30 a m	9 15 p m		

NORTH BOUND.	DAILY.	No. 10.	No.
Lv. Augusta, a7 00 p m	a2 00 p m		
" Columbia, 10 50 p m	5 05 p m		
Ar. Charlotte, 3 05 a m	9 00 p m		

Lv. Atlanta,	a8 50 p m	a10 10 a m
Ar. Charlotte,	6 40 a m	8 50 p m
" Salisbury,	8 27 a m	11 00 p m

Lv. Hot Springs	a5 20 p m	a12 39 p m
" Asheville,	2 40 p m	4 25 p m
" Statesville,	7 07 p m	9 17 p m

Ar. Salisbury,	8 00 a m	10 12 p m
Lv. Salisbury,	a8 37 a m	a11 08 p m

Ar. Greensboro,	10 20 a m	12 42 a m
Lv. Winston-Salem,	a11 40 a m	† 2 20 a m

" Winston-Salem,	a11 40 a m	† 2 20 a m
Lv. Greensboro,	a10 30 a m	a1 00 a m

Ar. Durham,	12 32 p m	5 07 a m
" Raleigh,	1 25 p m	7 20 a m

Lv. Raleigh,	† a. 30 p m	† 8 05 a m
Ar. Goldsboro,	3 05 p m	12 20 p m

Lv. Greensboro,	a10 30 a m	a12 50 a
Ar. Danville,	12 0 p m	2 35 a m

" Keysville,	2 52 p m	5 02 a m
" Burkeville,	3 37 p m	5 43 a m

" Richmond,	5 30 p m	7 40 a m
† Daily except Sunday. a or *Daily.		

Between West Point and Richmond.

Leave West Point 7.50 a m daily and 8.50 a m daily except Sunday and Monday; arrive Richmond 9.10 and 10.40 a m and 4.40 p m; return 9.30 a m, 10.40 a m. Returning from Richmond 3.0 p m and 4.40 p m; arrive West Point 5.00 and 6.00 p m.

RICHMOND & RALEIGH RAILROAD
Leaves Louisburg at 7.35 a m, 2.00 p.m. arr. at Franklinton at 8.10 a.m., 2.5, m. lv. Franklinton at 12.30 p.m., 6.05 p.m. arr. at Louisburg at 1.05 p.m., 6.40 p.m. JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l Manager. Wm. Smith, Superintendent.

Mixed trains leave Keysville daily except Sunday 9.10 a m; arrives Durham 6.50 p m. Leaves Durham 7.1 a m daily except Sunday, arrives Oxford 9.10 a m. Leaves Durham 7.3 p m daily except Sunday at Keysville 2.10 a m. Lv Oxford 3.00 a m daily except Sunday; arr. Durham 5.05 a m.

Additional train leaves Oxford daily except Sunday 12.35 a m, arrives Henderson 1.35 p.m., returning leaves Henderson 6.40 and 9.40 p.m. daily except Sunday, arrives Oxford 3.35 p.m. Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited operated between Washington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washington 10.50 p.m., Danville 5.40 p.m., Greensboro 7.00 p.m., Salisbury 8.18 p.m., Charlotte 9.35 p.m., arrives Atlanta 2.25 a.m. Returning, leaves Atlanta 1.25 p.m., Charlotte 9.20 p.m., Salisbury 10.32 p.m., Greensboro 12.03 p.m.; arrives Danville 1.30 a.m., Lynchburg 3.35 a.m., Washington 3.38 a.m.

No. 9, leaving Goldsboro 3.45 p.m. and Raleigh 6.06 p.m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No. 40, leaving at 7.30 p.m. daily, except him-day for Oxford, and Keysville.

Nos. 9 and 10 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

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TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

34 38

Pass. Pas. and Mail.

Daily. Daily ex. Sund.

Leave Raleigh, 5 00 p m 11 25 a m

Mill Brook, 5 15 11 41

Wake, 5 39 12 05

Franklin, 6 01 12 26

Kittrell, 6 19 12 44

Henderson, 6 36 1 00

Warren Plains, 7 14 1 39

Macon, 7 22 1 46

Arrive Weldon, 8 30 2 45 p m

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

41 45

Pass. and Mail.

Daily ex. Sun.

Leave Weldon, 1 2 15 p m 6 00 a m

Macon, 1 13 7 06

Warren Plains, 1 20 p m 7 15

Henderson, 2 22 7 53

Kittrell, 2 39 8 11

Franklin, 2 56 8 29

Wake, 3 17 8 50

Mill Brook, 3 40 9 15

Arrive Raleigh, 3 55 9 30

LOUISBURG RAILROAD.

Leaves Louisburg at 7.35 a m, 2.00 p.m. arr. at Franklinton at 8.10 a.m., 2.5, m. lv. Franklinton at 12.30 p.m., 6.05 p.m. arr. at Louisburg at 1.05 p.m., 6.40 p.m. JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l Manager. Wm. Smith, Superintendent.

RALEIGH AND WAA IRND

Line R. In effect 9.5a m Su

Dec 7, 1890

Going South.

NO. 41	NO 5
Passenger	Freight & Passenger.
Leave Raleigh 4 00 p m	8 35 a m
Garv, 4 15	9 20
Merry Oaks, 4 54	11 28
Moncure, 5 05	12 10
Sanford, 5 23	2 10
Cameron, 5 54	7 20
Southern Pines, 6 21	5 35
Arrive Hamlet, 7 20 p m	8 10 p m
Leave " 7 40 p m	
" Ghio 7 59 p m	
Arrive Gibson 8 15 p m	

Going North.

NO. 38	NO 40
Passenger	Freight & Passenger
Leave Gibson 7 00 a m	a m
Leave Ghio, 7 18	
Arrive Hamlet, 7 38	
Leave " 8 00	
Southern Pines, 8 58	7 40
Cameron, 9 26	9 31
Sanford, 9 52	10 55
Moncure, 10 16	12 10 p m
Merry Oaks, 10 26	1 50
Cary, 11 01	2 41
Arrive Raleigh, 11 20 a m	3 20

PITTSBORO ROAD.

Lv. Pittsboro at 9.10 a.m. 4:00 p.m. arr. at Moncure at 9.55 a.m. 4:45 p.m.

Lv. Moncure at 10:25 a.m. 5:10 p.m. arr. at Pittsboro at 11:10 a.m. 5:55 p.m.

CARTHAGE RAILROAD

Lv. Carthage at 8.00 a.m. 3:45 p.m. arr. at Cameron at 8:35 a.m. 4:20 p.m.

Lv. Cameron at 9:35 a.m. 6:00 p.m. arr. at Carthage at 10:10 a.m. 6:35 p.m.

